Bob Hampton of Placer

A Western Romance of the Big Outdoors

************* By RANDALL PARRISH

STHOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hampton, meantime, to clear up a thin who shows terror at the content of the cont

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Hampton Resolves. R. BOB HAMPTON stood in

the bright sunshine on the steps of the hotel, his appreciative gaze wandering up the long, dusty, unoccupied and finally rising to the sweet ace of the young girl who occupied

the step above.

"There is nothing quite equal to feeling well, little girl," he said genially, patting her hand where it rested on the railing, "and I really believe I am in as fine fettle now as I ever have been. Do you know I believe I'm perfectly fit to undertake that little detective operation casually mentioned to you a few days ago."

"It's that awful Murphy, isn't it?" that awful Murphy, isn't it?"

asked Naida.
"He's the one I'm starting after first, and one sight at his right hand will decide whether he is to be the last as well." will decide wall."

"I never supposed you would seek revenge, like a savage," she remarked, quietly. "You never used to be that

way."

"Good Lord, Naida, do you think I'm low down enough to go out hunting that poor cuss merely to get even with him for trying to stick me with a knife? Why, there are twenty others who have done as much, and we have been the best of friends afterward. Oh, no, lassie, it means more than that, and harks back many a long year. I told you I saw a mark on his hand I would never forget—but I saw that mark first fifteen years ago. I'm not taking my life in my hands to revenge the killing of Slavin, or in any memory of that little misunderstanding between the citizens of Giencald and myself. I should say not.

"I have been slashed at and shot at somewhat promiscuously during

at somewhat promiseuously during the last five years, but I never per-mitted such little affairs to interfere mitted such little affairs to interfere with either business, pleasure or "Did you overhear him say any-friendship. If this fellow Murphy, or thing definite about his plans for the whoever the man I am after may trip?"

whoever the man I am after may trip?"

what, him? He never talks, that with endeavoring playfuly to carve fellow. He can't do nothing but sputme, the account would be considered to the control of the tries. But I wrote out his closed. But this is a duty I owe a orders, and they give him to the 25th to make the Big Horn. That's maybe to make the Big Horn. That's maybe something like fifty miles a day, and how? The fellow who did that shoothing up at Bethune fifteen years ago had the same sort of a mark on his plans for the last spurt through the hostile country. That's how I right hand as this one who killed Slavin. That's why I'm after him, and when I catch up he'll either squeal or die. He won't be very y to look on the matter as a joke."
ut how do you know?"
never told you the whole story.

and I don't mean to now until I come back and can make everything per-fectly clear. It wouldn't do you any would only make you uneasy. But if you do any praying over it, my girl, pray good and hard that I may dis-cover some means for making that fellow squeal."

She held up her lips and he touched

m softly with his own. Her eyes re tear-dimmed. "Oh. Bob, I. hate to let you go," she sobbed, clinging him. "No one could have been were tear-dimmed. "On. Bob. I. hate so to let you go." she sobbed, clinging to him. "No one could have been more to me than you have been, and you are all I have left in the world. Everything I care for goes away from me. Life is so hard, so hard!"
"Yes, little girl, I know," and the man stroked her halr tenderly, his owa voice faltering. "It's all hard: I learned that sad lesson long ago, but I've tried to make it a little bit easier for you since we first came together.

for you since we first came together. Sell, I don't see how I can possibly help this. I've been hunting after that fellow a long while now, a matter that fellow a long while now, a matter of fifteen years over a mighty dim strall, and it would be a mortal sin to permit him to get away scot free. Besides, if this affair only manages to tarn out right, I can promise to make you the happiest girl in America. Buy, Naida, dear, don't cling to me so; it is not at all like you to break down in this fashion." and he gently unclasped her hands, holding her away from him, while he continued to saze hungrily into her troubled face. "It only weakens me at a time when I require all my strength of will."

He watched her slender, white-robed figure as it passed slowly down the descried street. Once only she paused and waved back to him, and he returned instant response, although scarcely realizing the act.

There an answer had just been re-ceived to a telegram he had sent that morning. The answer read: "Fort A. Lancoln. June 17, 1876.

"Hampton, Glencald:

"Hampton, Glencald:

"Beventh gone west: probably
Tellowstone, Brant with them.
Murphy, Government scout, at
Cheyenne waiting orders.

"BITTON, Commanding."
To run this Murphy to cover remained his final hope for retrieving those dead, dark years. Ay, and there was Naids! Her future, scarcely less than his own, hung trembling in the balance.

balance.

He went toward the hotel. Ten min-ntes later he was in the saddle, galoping down the dusty stage road to-

The Trail of Silent Murphy.

a newspaper. He had passed through two eventful weeks of unremitting service, being on duty both night and day, and now, the final despatches forwarded, he felt entitled to enjoy a period of well-earned repose.

"Could you inform me where I might find Slient Murphy, a Government scout?"

The voice had the unmistakable ring of military authority, and the soldier operator instinctively dropped his feet to the floor.

"Well, my lad, you are not dumb, are you?"

The telegrapher's momentary hesitation vanished; his ambition to be come a martyr to the strict laws of service secrecy was not sufficiently strong to cause him to take the doubtful chances of a lia. "He was here, but has gone."

"Where?"

"The devil knows. He rode north carrying despatches for Custer."

"When?"

"Oh, three or four hours ago."

Hampton swore softly but fervently behind his glenched testh.

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"Where is Custer?"

"Don't know exactly. Supposed to be with Terry and Gibbons somewhere near the mouth of the Powder, although he may have left there by this time, moving down the Yellowstone. That was the plan mapped out. Murphy's orders were to intercept his column somewhere between the Rosebud and the Big Horn, and I figure there is about one chance out of a hundred that the Indians let him get that for alive. No other scout along this border would take such a detail. I know, for there were two here who failed to make good when the job was thrown at them—just naturally faded away," and the soldier's eyes sparkled. But that old devil of a Murphy just enjoys such a trip. He started off as happy as ever I see him."

"How far will he have to ride?"

"Oh, bout three hundred miles as the crow files, a little west of north, and the better part of the distance, they tell me, it's almighty rough country for night work. But then Murphy he knows the way all right."

Hampton turned toward the door, feeling fairly sick from disappoint-

"Two."
"Did you overhear him say any-thing definite about his plans for the

ine descried street. Once only she paused and waved back to him, and beat trained instant response, although scarcely realizing the act.

"Poor little, lonely girl! Perhaps I ought to have told her the whole infernal story, but I simply haven't got the nerve the way it reads now. If it dan only get it straightened out it'll be different."

He went to the telegraph officers and the street of the nerve the way it reads now. If I lope, striving to make the different."

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He went to the telegraph officers the street of the

Such Is Life!

By Maurice Ketten





PIG DOCTOR



in the saddle, gailfrom the dusty stage road toheyenne. What, then, would
ever induce such a man to open his
mouth in confession of a long-hidden
crime? To be sure, he might easily
die, like a wild beast, without utterling a word.

HE young infantryman who
had been detailed for the
important service of telegraph operator sat in the
Cheyenne office, his feet on
crime? To be sure, he might easily
die, like a wild beast, without utterling a word.

That was what they said of him back
to theyenne. What, then, would
and yonder, close in against those
distant willows, some black dots were
mouth in confession of a long-hidden
crime? To be sure, he might easily
die, like a wild beast, without utterling a word.

That was what they said of him back
and yonder, close in against those
eye to the glass. The levelled tubes
clearly revealed a man on horseback,
leading another horse. The animals
were walking. There could be little
doubt this was the Belle Fourche.
And yonder, close in against those
eye to the glass. The levelled tubes
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NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

The Phantom Shotgun

By S. C. ARTHUR

the water of sufficient depth to compel swimning, and crept up the opposite above dripping and miserable, at cliencaid, and drove the kille into opposite above dripping and miserable, at cliencaid, and drove the kille into opposite above dripping and miserable, at cliencaid, and drove the kille into opposite above dripping and miserable, at cliencaid, and drove the kille into opposite above dripping and miserable, at cliencaid, and drove the kille into opposite above dripping and miserable, at cliencaid, and drove the kille into opposite above the killed in a control of the surface, and the was a sear on it. About aftern a crept toward him, leading his horse, what is it now "I he akked griff." He was a killed in a tone of the control of the surface, the light of the phosphorus the surface, and it is shown he was on his knees, his head crand forward. The man watching touched forward it was him a-reachin' for me. Here, it may be a search the surface, for now furphy a course to the man hadenly he toppied over on his face. The did man heaved forward, his head rocking from side to side; then suddenly he toppied over on his face. The did man heaved forward, his head rocking from side to side; then suddenly he toppied over on his face. The did man heaved forward his head of the suddenly he toppied over on his face. The did man heaved forward his head of the suddenly he toppied over on his face. The did man heaved forward his head of the suddenly he toppied over on his face. The did man heaved forward his head of the suddenly he toppied over on his fac

officers of the Seventh, when we get in."

"They'd nab me—likely."

"Now, see here, you say it is impossible for them to touch you, because the case is closed legally. Now, you do not care very much for the opinion of others, while from every other standpoint you feel perfectly safe. But I've had to suffer for your crime, Murphy, suffer for afteen years, ten of them behind stone walls; and there are others who have suffered with me. It has cost me love, home, all that a man holds dear. I've borne this punishment for you, paid the penalty of your act to the full satisfaction of the law. The very least you can do in ordinary deceacy is to speak the truth now. It will not hurt you, but it will lift me out of hell."